

Somebody, anybody, hold my hand. Call my name.  
Say fire in the kitchen, clouds in the sea. All the same.  
Come through the kitchen and over the sea. Look for me.  
One hand fire and one hand cloud. Let me be.

-- Donald Schenker

Berkeley CA

#### JAIL ANTICS

I know of a bee  
I know of a big bee  
I know of a spider  
I know of a big bee of another kind  
I know of spawning the little bees  
I know of all the colors of the rainbow  
I know of the scooters that go dashing over the  
lavatory floor  
I know of the danger signals  
I know of the little red bees  
I know of the little red ponies  
I know of the cardinal's forces  
I know of the serious itches  
I know of the serious wounds  
I know of the funny itches  
I know of the serious bees that sting mightily  
I know of a jail  
I know of a jail of another kind  
I know of counting the scooters  
I know of counting the funny bugs  
I know of counting the funny bugs all nightlong

#### THE CARDINAL IN THE BUSH

I wanted to know more about the cardinal  
I wanted to know more about what the cardinal did  
I wanted to know more about the cardinal in the bush  
  
I wanted to know more about what the cardinal said to  
the cricket  
I wanted to know more about what the cricket said to  
the cardinal  
I wanted to know more about the cardinal in the bush



I wanted to know more about what Frère Jaques said  
I wanted to know more about what Frère Jaques said to  
the cardinal  
I wanted to know more about the cricket in the bush  
  
I wanted to know more about what the cricket said  
I wanted to know more about the light of the silvery moon  
I wanted to know more about those little white lies  
  
I wanted to know more about a fair day  
I wanted to know more about a fair night  
I wanted to know more about the tickets to the fair

-- Alfred Starr Hamilton

Montclair NJ

## THE JOB INTERVIEW

You go to apply for a job that will have you dancing  
naked in a cocktail lounge. Men and women will stare  
at you  
in a kind of sullen excitement. You imagine them looking,  
the way they will squirm in their seats, the way they  
will grip their drinks.

You report for the job interview early in the morning.  
They ask you your name, your previous experience, and  
where you graduated from high school. When they don't  
like the sound  
of any of your answers, they slap you across the face.

"Have you ever visited Asia?" "No." They give you a  
slap.  
"Are your children old enough to vote?" "No." Another  
slap.  
"Did you ever have sex with your father?" "Many times."  
A slap.  
You give them the names of everyone you have ever slept  
with.

You're not happy about the way this interview is going.  
The questions about car crashes you messed up completely.  
They light up cigars the size of Roman candles. The  
smoke  
smells like burning money, a smell you remember from  
childhood.

They flick their ashes on your clothes. They ask you  
why you want to